

## a sensual coefficient

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## a sensual coefficient

by [princegrantaire](#)

### Summary

There's a strand of hair falling over his forehead, no doubt the work of their earlier dedication to frantic kisses and Hal's own hands, and he looks exceptionally wide-eyed, the yellow nearly swallowed up by black. Bizarrely, there's a splotch of purple on Sinestro's mouth. Blood, he realises, where he must've been biting at his own lip in the few minutes Hal has spent coming up with a sufficiently encouraging pep talk.

### Notes

this is, at best, an extended inside joke (title included!) with my bestest friend in the world @slaapkat, whom i also must thank for the Terribleness Of The Concept and also for cheering me on this whole time!!!!!! what can i say? korugarians obviously think having a big forehead is sexy, given the general design of mr sinestro. our ideal sinestro is entirely dcuo sinestro (if you haven't seen his beauty, you haven't lived) but still!!!!!! and also hal goes down on him or whatever idk :/

a victorian fainting couch remains to be provided for me after writing this nightmare

AND MORE IMPORTANTLY. i'm absolutely completely sick of seeing noncon fics in the halsin tag so please, accept this offering

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Hal doesn't really do this. Okay, no, it's not like-- he's not an *asshole*. It's just not the sort of thing you get around to doing when romantic entanglements have been reduced to one-night stands for a couple of years now. More than that, really. Better part of a decade would be, he thinks, the

appropriate term in these circumstances.

It's not like anyone ever goes ahead and asks.

Once or twice, Carol had complained her way into it and -- after an unsuccessful half hour -- out of it, too. It'd led to... complications, yet another reason to go into the off territory of their famous on-and-off periods.

If nothing else, Hal decides, this is bound to be significantly more straightforward.

He hopes.

The carpet's thin and not terribly kind on his knees but the thought bugs Hal in grand, inexplicable ways so it's better left behind as he slides his hands up Sinestro's thighs. That is to say, Sinestro's *bare* thighs. It's a new development for the two of them, this particular position. Somewhere underneath the rush of blood in his ears, and it occurs to Hal that he must be extraordinarily flushed, he can hear the drone of the TV in the background. It all makes up quite a-- picture. Yeah, that's one way to put it. Sinestro's just sitting there on the couch, still clad in a hoodie he's stolen from Hal's very own closet, his leggings pulled down just enough.

And he's hard. Hal should probably try leading with that. "Eager, huh?" he says, sounding hoarse even to himself, as he glances up at Sinestro.

There's a strand of hair falling over his forehead, no doubt the work of their earlier dedication to frantic kisses and Hal's own hands, and he looks exceptionally wide-eyed, the yellow nearly swallowed up by black. Bizarrely, there's a splotch of purple on Sinestro's mouth. Blood, he realises, where he must've been biting at his own lip in the few minutes Hal has spent coming up with a sufficiently encouraging pep talk.

"You would do well to get started, Jordan," Sinestro manages, extraordinarily firm for his current predicament. He squirms only faintly under the pressure of Hal's gaze, hands grasping at the couch as if he's found it necessary to hold himself back.

It's an uncharacteristically considerate act. Hal tucks it away for safekeeping and proceeds to press a kiss to Sinestro's hip.

Up close, the immediacy of the magenta skin startles and Hal hesitates, waits for his brain to catch up to whatever his body had thrown itself into when he'd abandoned an especially handsy make-out session in favour of going down here. At the time, Sinestro had seemed quite frankly startled, though by now he's moved on to a kind of casual desperation marked by occasional glances towards the documentary that's just started on TV. Hal's touched him before, it shouldn't be *too* different. Right?

Right.

Okay, okay, *okay*. Hal flies blindly into danger for a living, he can handle sucking off an alien. It could be nice, he thinks. He'll even make it good for Sinestro. A rarely felt desire.

He tugs the leggings all the way off and throws them in the general direction of the bedroom, a move which he's rewarded for with an exceedingly unimpressed look. Sinestro likes his clothes neatly folded, of course. "Too bad," Hal says it like he means it and licks firmly at Sinestro's cock. He's built like a human, immensely helpful in light of Hal's minimal expertise, hard and wet with--

"Whoa." Hal pulls back, halfway through a frown. "Does it always taste like that?"

Sinestro lets out a shuddering breath, somewhere between heady arousal and headier annoyance. “Like *what*.” It’s not a question, not exactly.

“Um.”

Hal’s not about to just-- Well, he *is*, in fact. “You know.” He licks the head again, nearly satisfied with the way Sinestro’s fingers dig into the couch at the gesture. “Sweet? Like, really sweet? Weirdly sweet?”

“And how could I *possibly* know that, Jordan?”

There’s an impressive amount of careful contemplation that goes into that. The thought of simply kissing Sinestro to prove it occurs to Hal and is urgently discarded in the same instant, certain he’s bound to get a chainsaw construct for his trouble. Instead, Hal shrugs and adds, “I gotta tell you, pal, it’s not normal.”

“I’m not your *pal*,” Sinestro says, cautiously guarded, he’s even crossed his arms, “I’m sure it’s perfectly normal for my people and you’re merely wrong. Again.”

“But you don’t *know*.”

With that, Sinestro’s remarkably pinched expression only deepens. “No,” he admits. “Why? You have something to compare it to, Jordan?”

Hal coughs.

“There *was* one time in the Air Force,” he starts but wisely leaves it at that.

It’s as settled as matters are likely to get.

Apparently unaccustomed to the art of politely hurrying along a blowjob, Sinestro looks meaningfully between Hal and the TV, as if signaling that he’s got better things to do than sit around half-naked while they debate the normalcy of his pre-come. Hal can respect that. Mostly. He opts to take mercy on Sinestro and licks a stripe up his cock, revelling in the stifled gasp that provokes.

Oh, *yeah*.

Yeah, he can do this.

Feeling bold, Hal moves past open-mouthed kisses and swipes his tongue across the leaking slit, one hand resting on his knee, the other stroking what he can’t -- or, as of yet, *won’t* -- reach. Still fully dressed, he’s willing enough to ignore the ache between his legs, though the contact is embarrassingly exhilarating. It’s the intimacy, Hal thinks. It must be. Nothing like ill-advised trust to get the blood pumping.

Hell, he’s even grown accustomed to the sticky-sweet taste of it already, the smell that’s purely Sinestro in its pleasant familiarity. Isn’t that something? If Hal’s far gone enough to start waxing poetics about Sinestro’s dick, he fears the end might be steadily approaching.

It’s easy to pull Sinestro forward by his hips, thin and deceptively fragile under Hal’s hands, and close his mouth over his cock, sucking hard. He shifts a little as Sinestro grunts, keeping to a tight rhythm now that he’s learned the simple routine of it. Like this, Hal finds that it comes naturally to tune out everything but the task at hand, though he can’t take too much of Sinestro by sheer virtue of a lack of extensive experience. He isn’t-- *particularly* sizeable or anything, distinctly lean like

the rest of him, and Hal's thinking about going for gold the moment the courage he's clearly left somewhere in the vicinity of Ferris Aircraft makes it back in one piece.

A hand touches his cheek, startlingly gentle, and Hal lifts his gaze, eyes half-lidded as he finds Sinestro staring at him, gaze heavy and dark with strange lust. That's motivation enough to swallow him down, breathing slow through his nose, until he's pressing against Sinestro's stomach and god, the *sound*--

Sinestro moans like it's wrenched out of him, kept still only by the grip on his hips and that's got Hal's cock throbbing in his jeans, overcome by the sudden urge to get a hand around himself. Instead, he pulls back and does it all over again, a fire burning in his gut because Sinestro's *letting* him do this, because he's actually gone through it and there's a touch of awe, too. It's not often he's seen Sinestro so... vulnerable, though it doesn't quite sound right.

Above all, and that's saying something when he's got a mouthful of Sinestro's cock, Hal can't help the jolt that's sheer delight at just how plain *tiny* his waist is. He's never felt any striking urge to lift Sinestro up but the fact of the matter is that he *could* and that's not something Hal believes he can pass up for long.

It is, however, forcefully left to be contemplated another time. More urgently, Hal works up the presence of mind to get himself unzipped and the relief of his own hand on his dick, rocking back and forth against the pressure, makes him gasp around Sinestro, dizzy with the need to come. It's clearly a welcome change of pace, if Sinestro's own stuttering groan is anything to go by.

"You know, Jordan," Sinestro starts, breathy, downright adoring in the right light. Hal's never heard anything like it, not from wannabe alien dictators, not from anyone. That, too, is intoxicating. "Hal." Again, he caresses the side of Hal's face. "You're really quite appealing despite your small forehead."

The edge of bliss Hal had been tethering on crashes and burns.

He pulls back abruptly, barely registers the notes of sweetness in the back of his throat. "*What?*" he chokes out, blinking up at Sinestro.

"Not now, Jordan."

"No, no, no, hold on," Hal insists, scooting back just enough, "what does that even *mean*?"

To his credit, Sinestro hesitates, though that might just have something to do with the way he keeps looking at Hal's lips. "I was merely complimenting you. Are humans so selfish as to not--"

"You called my forehead *small*."

"Yes, it's one of your many faults, Jordan, but--" and here the words seem to sort of physically pain Sinestro, "I find you attractive nevertheless."

Hal doesn't know what in the world he's meant to do with *that*. At a loss for words, he decides on the logical course of action and dips forward to lick at Sinestro's cock again, relishes in the small intake of breath he gets in return. His own desperation hasn't abated in the least, emboldened by the closeness, Sinestro's own frenzied need and perhaps even the odd compliment.

The moan Sinestro lets out as he takes him into his mouth as far as he'll go has Hal's dick twitching and he strokes himself hard and fast, hardly aware of much beyond the two of them. Then, all at once, Sinestro makes a strangled sound, nearly a *whine*, head thrown back as he fights not to press further into the wet heat around him, and that does it for Hal. He comes into his own

palm, all ragged, hysterical gasps that get him drawing back for air. It's intense, and for no good reason, too. Hal's beet red despite his best efforts.

"Did you just--"

"Yes." Hal clears his throat, voice wrecked. "I did."

"Well, *I* didn't," Sinestro says, still hard, evidently dedicated to stating the obvious. He's frowning deeply.

"Uh-huh." Hal sits back, jeans open and panting even now. In the sudden absence of a haze of arousal, he keeps a calculated distance from Sinestro's cock. "Look, I'm gonna shower but like, feel free to take care of that." He winks as he sits up, feeling inexplicably victorious. It's not like a certain alien's never pulled this kind of stunt on him. "Or, y'know, you can join me."

Sinestro merely looks back in disbelief.

End Notes

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